

WANT TO  
Rent Your House?  
Sell Your Horse?  
Hire Help?  
Try the News Want column:  
24 words 1 week, 25c.  
24 words 2 weeks, 50c.

WANTS, LOST, ETC.  
Notices under this head inserted one week  
for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

FOR SALE  
500 good sheep for wintering. Also 25  
good cows for sale. H. S. Hastings,  
Newry, Me.

Bicycles For Sale  
A lady's and a gentleman's bicycle for sale  
—56 & 57 models—May be seen at River-  
side House. Address: Lock Box 34-27

FOUND.  
Found last Saturday on the Gilead road,  
a feather box. Owner can have same by  
proving property and paying charges. May  
be seen at the News office.

Notice.  
This is to certify that the undersigned  
has this day dissolved partnership. All  
bills due the firm of Farwell & Flint are to  
be collected by H. M. Farwell, and all bills  
contracted by said firm are to be paid by  
said Farwell.  
(Signed) H. M. Farwell,  
F. R. Flint.

Wanted.  
A position to do general housework for  
an experienced girl. Apply to  
Box 2, Upton, Me.

FOR SALE.  
We have a large quantity of extra fine  
squashes which we will supply in any  
quantity desired at reasonable prices.  
H. & W. Farwell.

To Let.  
House of ten rooms, on Park street,  
with stable connected.  
Ceylon Rowe-  
104f

WARNING.  
We hereby forbid all persons dumping  
refuse matter of any kind at the mouth  
of Alder river within the limits of the  
highway.  
H. Farwell, Selectmen  
J. C. Billings, of  
C. E. Barker, of Bethel.

FOR SALE.  
Any one in need of a sewing machine  
should examine the New Home which can  
be seen at the store of E. E. Burn-  
ham. This machine is new and can be  
bought at a bargain. S. N. BUCK.

WANTED.  
Wanted the people to know that we  
have a limited quantity of dry hard  
wood which we will deliver on wheels  
at a reasonable price. Leave your order  
at the News office, or inquire of  
H. & W. Farwell, Bethel, Me.

FOR SALE.  
A full blood Chester Boar about one  
year old. Inquire of Addison S. Bean,  
Box 23, West Bethel, Me.

WANTED.  
The people to know that by using non-  
corrosive ink their expenses for pens  
will be practically nothing. Call and  
examine our pens which have been  
used several weeks and never wiped.  
News Publishing Co.

SAMUEL RICHARDS, Ref. D.  
The only  
DOCTOR OF REFRACTION  
in Oxford County, and the only Optician  
using the Javal Ophthalmoscope.  
Examination free when glasses are  
ordered at.  
6 Pleasant St., South Paris, Me.

WOOL CARDING.  
If you have wool to be carded bring or  
send it to W. K. Hamlin's mill at South  
Waterford, Me., or to G. A. Cole, agent,  
Newry, Me., or to W. K. Hamlin, Bridg-  
ton, Me., railroad station.  
I run a team to Norway and Bridgton  
once each week and will take wool to  
mill and return it without extra expense  
for trucking.  
Mill closes for the season Dec. 15th.  
Wool Rins and Wool Bating for sale.

W. K. HAMLIN,  
South Waterford, Me.

CARTER'S  
PHOTOLIBRARY  
PASTE  
will be found quick on  
application, strong in action,  
and thoroughly satisfactory  
in all respects.  
Always moist and ready  
for use.

L. C. HALL,  
SOLE AGENT, BETHEL, ME.

You People With  
NARROW FEET  
or  
TENDER FEET  
or  
Feet Hard to  
fit—for any  
reason—should  
come to us.  
We have an  
endless variety  
of footwear.

PALMER SHOE CO.,  
PORTLAND, ME.

THE PLACE TO BUY  
Fruit  
Confectionery  
Cigars  
Groceries and  
Flour,  
GUNS AND  
AMMUNITION,  
—IS AT—  
H. M. Farwell's  
(Successor to Farwell & Flint.)  
West steps Newry 1247 Dr. Miller's Pain Pills.

IT IS SAID THAT  
"THE BETHEL NEWS is the best  
advertising medium in Western  
Maine." Try it and see. : : :  
Sept. Average, 1,450.

# The Bethel News.

YES, WE PRINT  
Letter Heads, Bill Heads, State-  
ments, Envelopes, Fillets, Cards,  
Wedding Stationery, Etc., Etc.,  
"From a Card to a Poster."

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 27, 1897.

Vol. III. No. 22.

## Town Topics.

### WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING. ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Can-  
not Be Hid."

S. O. Grover of Mason, was in  
town, Friday.

E. E. Chapman of Gilead, spent  
Saturday in town.

Addison S. Bean of Mason, was  
in town, Saturday.

Miss Francis Carter went to  
Framingham, Mass., Monday.

Mrs. Enoch Foster has been visit-  
ing relatives in Portland since  
the Festival.

Mr. Clark Caswell went on the  
excursion Monday, to visit friends  
in Massachusetts.

C. R. Lawrence of Lawrence,  
Mass., was in town Thursday and  
made us a pleasant call.

Miss Mary True started for Bad-  
deck, Nova Scotia, Monday morn-  
ing, to visit friends there.

Edward P. Lyon of Auburn who  
has been spending a short vaca-  
tion in Bethel, returned Monday.

A large number of people took  
advantage of the cheap excu-  
sion rates to Boston, Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Holt went  
on the excursion, Monday, to spend  
a few days with relatives in Avon,  
Mass.

Gilman Chapman left Bethel for  
Colebrook, N. H., Thursday last,  
where he has obtained a situation  
in a store.

We know the great cures by  
Hood's Sarsaparilla are genuine  
because the people themselves  
write about them.

Mrs. G. A. Robertson and daughter  
of Augusta, who have been in  
Bethel since the Festival, left for  
Boston, Monday morning.

Mr. Absalom Farwell, a former  
resident of Bethel, but now of  
Berwick, Me., has been visiting  
his old home, returning Monday.

Mr. Faulkner of Chicago, who  
has spent the past season with his  
daughter, Mrs. W. R. Chapman,  
leaves for his western home,  
to-morrow.

Rev. F. E. Barton visited his  
parents in Brownfield last week.  
He occupied the pulpit of the new  
Union church at West Bethel, Sun-  
day afternoon.

Call and see the only stove in  
the world that will burn any kind  
of fuel, with perfect satisfaction to  
the user or no sale. Hastings  
Brothers, agents.

Prof. W. R. Chapman left Bethel  
for New York to resume his win-  
ter's work, Saturday. Mrs. Chap-  
man will leave to-morrow morning  
to join her husband.

Mrs. J. W. Brannon of West  
Somerville, Mass., who has been  
the guest of her brother, B. C.  
Snyder, since the Festival, returned  
to her home Monday morning.

Mrs. Emeline Brown of Wash-  
ington, D. C., who has been visit-  
ing relatives and friends in Bethel  
for a number of weeks, attended  
the Festival on her way home.

Moses Mason left for New York,  
Monday morning. He will be  
joined in Portland, by Mrs. An-  
gelica Clark and Miss Ruby Clark  
who have remained there since  
the Festival.

Mrs. G. R. Wiley and Miss Bertha  
Wiley returned from Portland,  
Sunday, where they have been since  
the Festival. Miss Wiley's many  
friends are glad to learn that her  
eyes are much improved.

The Bethel chorus and all citi-  
zens who are interested in the  
Music Festival of 1898, are request-  
ed to meet in Garland Chapel to-  
morrow evening (Thursday) at 7.30  
o'clock, to discuss the plans laid  
out.

Rev. Israel Jordan occupied his  
pulpit Sunday last, having re-  
turned from his vacation. The  
congregation had the pleasure of  
listening to the new chorus-choir  
under the direction of Mr. W. S.  
Field.

Calvin Bisbee and Jotham S.  
Chapman have completed their  
contract to give Cole block two  
coats of paint. Mr. Bisbee fur-  
nished the paint and Mr. Chapman  
had charge of the work. Every-  
thing was done in a satisfactory  
manner and the block presents a  
very fine appearance.

How's This!  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward  
for any case of Catarrh that cannot be  
cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.  
We have the undersigned, have known F.  
J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and be-  
lieve him perfectly honorable in all his  
business transactions and financially able  
to carry out any obligation made by  
him.

West & Triax, Wholesale Druggists,  
Toledo, O. W. A. L. D. R. G. S. & M. R.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internal-  
ly, acting directly upon the blood and  
mucous surfaces of the system. Price  
75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.  
Testimonials free.

Be sure you are right, then go a-  
head—and see if you are.—Life.

### What Mrs. Chapman Says:

That in proportion to its size  
and the number of the chorus,  
Bethel did as much for the Festi-  
val financially, as any one city or  
town.

That the chorus was much bet-  
ter than many others; the mem-  
bers knew the music and sang in-  
telligently and responsively.

That too much credit can not be  
given to their conductor, Mr. Syn-  
der, who brought about this result  
by his patient and indefatigable  
efforts.

That we are proud of the Bethel  
chorus, and of the Bethel people,  
and thank them for all that they  
did to make the Maine Festival at  
Portland such a glorious success.

That the plans for the stage and  
dressing rooms were drawn by  
Mr. Frederick A. Tompson, the  
architect of Portland, who de-  
signed the elegant and spacious  
house for Dr. Gehring, and who  
gave his services and the plans,  
as his contribution to the Festi-  
val.

That most interesting plans for  
next year's work are now being  
made—and will soon be given to  
the different choruses all over the  
state. The music will be more in-  
teresting and beautiful than the  
last has been. New choruses are  
being formed and begging for ad-  
mission from the larger cities and  
towns.

That Mr. Chapman conducted  
176 times in preliminary work,  
traveled 6000 miles and wilted ten  
collars daily.

That Mr. Chase at his office em-  
ployed two stenographers steadily  
daily for three months.

That after the number reached  
500, she ceased to count the letters  
she personally wrote, and that she  
has travelled over 4000 miles in  
visiting the choruses.

That as she looked upon the  
faces of that chorus, seated on the  
terrace stage, and watched the  
expression of pleasure, of wonder,  
of admiration as the great artists sang,  
and the grand orchestra played,  
she felt repaid for all the work  
and fatigue of these many months.

That the chorus was the climax  
and delight of the Festival to her,  
and the love and gratitude which  
was so generously expressed, is  
all the reward she desires.

### How the Earth Grows.

Space is filled with minor par-  
ticles, separated from each other  
only by intervals of a few hun-  
dred miles; and these, in the form  
of meteors and shooting stars, are  
rushing through space, dropping  
continually upon the larger  
worlds, increasing their size, and  
adding to their store of heat and  
energy. Every year, the earth en-  
counters nearly three thousand  
million of them, according to the  
estimate of Prof. Newton, ranging  
from the nearest particles to  
masses of several hundred weight.

Very probably, also, the comets  
belong to the same category, being  
really nothing but larger meteors,  
or flocks of small meteors, or per-  
haps even only puffs of meteoric  
dust. Nearly all the meteors  
which strike the earth are very  
minute. Perhaps a hundred or  
so reach the ground each year as  
recognizable masses of stone or  
iron, weighing from an ounce or  
two to some hundreds of pounds;  
but all the rest are dissipated in  
the upper air, and never come  
down unless as impalpable dust,  
not to be certainly identified.

The whole amount of matter fall-  
ing daily upon the earth from out-  
er space is probably about one  
hundred tons, (it is variously esti-  
mated from twenty-five to five  
hundred). A hundred tons is in  
itself a very considerable quantity,  
but utterly insignificant as com-  
pared with the mass of the earth,  
and entirely incapable of appre-  
ciable effect upon our temperature.

Assuming even the largest esti-  
mate (five hundred tons a day),  
it appears that the earth's di-  
ameter would grow an inch in  
about one hundred million of  
years, and that her distance from  
the sun would be reduced about  
eighty-three feet in a million  
years, in consequence of the resis-  
tance experienced in moving  
through the meteoric swarms.—  
Prof. Young in the North Ameri-  
can Review.

Martha's Vineyard.

The discovery of this island an-  
ticipates the landing of the Pilgrims  
by eighteen or nineteen years. It  
was discovered by Bartholomew  
Gosnold on the same voyage with  
the discovery of Cape Cod in the  
year 1602. It is said that he first  
discovered the little island of No  
Man's Land and to that gave  
the name of Martha's Vineyard  
and that afterwards the name was  
transferred to the main island.

Why either island should have  
suggested the name I don't know,  
for they could in no way have re-  
sembled the vineyards of the East,  
either ancient or modern, although  
the wild grape doubtless grew more  
abundantly than now.

Gosnold landed at Cuttyhunk  
and called the island Elizabeth  
Island out of respect to the reign-  
ing queen, but the name was after-  
wards transferred to the whole  
group. The islands of this group  
retain their Indian names which  
some one has put into rhyme:

"Naushon, Nonamesset,  
Onkatonka and Wepeket,  
Nashawana, Pesquinese,  
Cuttyhunk and Penquese."

Gosnold built a fort and store  
house at Cuttyhunk, which is sup-  
posed to have been the first English  
house built in New England.

These islands were, at the time of  
his discovery, inhabited by tribes  
of Indians more or less warlike.  
At the time of the settlement by  
white men, the Indian population  
was estimated at 3000.

The records fix the time of the  
first settlement here by the whites  
at 1642, but there is a traditionary  
history that dates back of that  
about twelve years. This is the  
tradition as I have it from the  
local historian. "About 1630, pos-  
sibly earlier, a vessel on her way  
from Plymouth, bound west of  
south, stopped or anchored in the  
outer harbor of what is now Edg-  
gartown. A boat's company—mostly  
passengers—attempted a landing  
near where the town is now. A  
large number of Indians with their  
chief, appeared on the bank near  
the boat, apparently peaceful but  
suspicious, to whom the whites  
made signs of friendship designed  
to secure their confidence. One of  
the company by the name of John  
Pease, having done military service  
in England, and having with him  
his red coat, made a present of  
it to the chief and showed him  
how to put it on. When put on  
the Indians were so elated, so wild  
with joy at the sight that they set  
up a great shout. Such was the  
kindly feeling inspired by this  
honor bestowed, that the chief in  
whom the titles of the Indian  
lands, so far as those tribes could  
claim them, were vested, gave to  
Pease and others a large section of  
land including the site on which  
Edgartown is now built. There-  
upon four of these men decided to  
discontinue their voyage and risk  
their fortunes for life here." It is  
said that John Pease being a man  
of some education, kept the record  
of the settlement in a book called  
the "Black Book" from the color  
of the cover, but  
that afterwards others came  
and, as they had no share in the  
Indian gift, there was a great deal  
of dissatisfaction, and unrest.  
When John Pease died some men  
came to the house and asked to see  
the book of records. The man in  
charge complied, and leaving the  
room for a while, upon his return  
the book was nowhere to be seen  
and has not been seen from that  
day to this.

Those early men were thus de-  
prived of their rights, and the char-  
ter rights under the crown, con-  
trolling the disposition of land  
acquired, sold the land to other  
purchasers in 1641. In 1644, Mar-  
tha's Vineyard was annexed to the  
jurisdiction of Massachusetts. Af-  
terwards, Charles II gave to his  
brother, the Duke of York, a grant  
of New York including Long  
Island, Martha's Vineyard, Nan-  
tucket and the adjacent islands, so  
that all these islands became con-  
nected with New York. In 1683,  
the islands including Nantucket,  
received the name of Dukes Coun-  
ty from their owner, the Duke of  
York. By the charter of William  
and Mary, these islands were taken  
from New York and re-annexed to  
Massachusetts. In 1805, Martha's  
Vineyard, the Elizabeth Islands  
and No Man's Land were separated  
from Nantucket by the provincial  
legislature and made a county by  
themselves still retaining the name  
of Dukes County.

Great efforts were made by the  
early settlers to convert the natives  
to Christianity and so marked was  
their success that in 1695 there  
were at least 3000 Indian converts  
on the islands of Nantucket and  
Martha's Vineyard. But few re-  
mains are now left on the island of  
the Indian tribes and these have  
intermarried so much with the  
Negro immigrants that they are  
characterized more by the Negro  
than the Indian blood.

Minnie E. Wheeler.

### Earl Sanborn's Secret.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### Forgiveness.

You can guess, that little Earl  
felt very much cast down when  
they took him to prison, and  
he would have given up entirely,  
had it not been for the promise  
which the policeman gave him.

He could not have told why he had  
such confidence in the stern-faced  
officer, but he felt very sure that  
we could tell the Barretts. What  
then? He could not have told  
that, either, but he was confident  
that something would come of it.  
Perhaps they would get him out  
of prison, so that he could go back  
and tell his father what he had to  
tell. Perhaps! Ah, it is not a  
safe word to rely upon, there are  
so many chances against it. Yet  
it sometimes makes one more  
hopeful, as it did little Earl San-  
born.

Earl found the prison much  
more preferable to the station  
house. That is, it was not so  
filthy nor so gloomy. No very  
hard task was laid upon him the  
first day, and when night came,  
he slept very soundly. You know  
a clear conscience is a very great  
help to sound sleep, and little Earl  
had that.

The second day was worse, how-  
ever, although his work was no  
harder, for he received no answer  
to the word sent by the policeman.  
He did not despair of a reply, but  
he had some doubt.

"Perhaps they won't come," he  
thought.

Then he was not quite easy  
about that package. The officers  
of the prison had taken it from  
him, although they had assured  
him that he should have it again,  
he had some doubts of it. He  
might have been easy about that,  
however, for had those officers  
been disposed to dishonesty, they  
never would have suspected that  
the little bundle, wrapped in a bit  
of old newspaper, contained any-  
thing valuable.

As the day advanced, little Earl  
felt less and less hopeful. He had  
said to himself, in the morning:  
"If some of the Barretts don't  
come to-day, they never will  
come," and as the hours flew by,  
his hope faded. At noon he con-  
cluded that if they didn't come  
by three o'clock, he should not look  
for them any more. At three  
o'clock he gave up entirely. The  
last hope was gone.

"Nobody cares for me," was his  
reply to the keeper's question, for  
the man could not fail to note his  
utterly downcast look. "I'm sick,  
sir, though I can't tell just where.  
If you'll let me, I guess I had bet-  
ter go to bed."

The man knew he was speaking  
the truth, and compassionately  
allowed him to go to the cell.

Once there, and alone, he threw  
himself upon the hard cot, and  
burst into tears of despair, as can  
only come from a crushed heart.

"Nobody cares for me! Nobody  
cares for me!" was his only  
thought.

It was while in this despondent  
mood, that one of the keepers  
came to the cell and announced  
a visitor.

"Oh! is it some of the Bar-  
retts?" he asked, brightening up.

"It will let him speak for him-  
self," said the keeper.

Willie Sanborn, for it was he,  
stepped quickly to the cell door,  
and looked in. He knew it was  
little Earl in there, for he had  
learned the name at the office; but  
at first he could not see distinctly,  
for it was somewhat dark in the  
cell. But Earl, looking toward  
the light knew his brother at once;  
and springing from the cot, he  
threw his arms around Willie's  
neck so suddenly, as to startle him.

"Oh, Willie! Willie! Willie!"  
shouted Earl; then he said no  
more, for he was crying for joy.

The keeper now spoke.

"You can have half an hour  
with—your brother," he said to  
Willie. "Step inside."

Willie went in with Earl, and  
the key was turned upon them.

The brothers had so much to say,  
that I can not tell it all, but I will  
let you know, that when the half  
hour was up, Earl looked a differ-  
ent boy. Home was written in  
every lineament of his plain face.  
Somebody did care for him.

Within ten minutes after Willie  
left the prison, the operatives on  
the telegraph line, which reached  
to the city, were kept busy for an  
hour or more. Back and forth  
they drove the messages, and all  
about little Earl. Then a telegram  
was sent to the Governor, and an  
answer came back; another mes-  
sage was sent, and another answer  
received. So it went for days—so  
much of it would tire you to read  
it all, for the ways of the law are  
long and tedious. At last the all-

### WOMEN'S CHIT-CHAT.

#### "From Grave to Gay, From Lively to Severe."

"So long this faith in some ideal Good  
Under whatever mortal name it masks  
Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal  
mood,  
That thanks the Fates for their severer  
tasks  
Feeling its challenged pulses leap,  
While others skulk in subtleties  
cheap,  
And set in Danger's van, has all the  
boom it asks,  
Shall win man's praise and woman's  
love." Lowell.

Never again can such a moment  
repeat itself in the Observer's ex-  
perience as came to her when the  
Festival chorus, and the first over-  
whelming "Hallelujah" broke over  
her bowed soul!

Through eyes that filled with  
tears from unsounded depths of  
feeling, she saw the faces of her  
own, dear village people transfigured  
and glorified with intensity  
of feeling, raised into an actual  
majesty of expression, singing as  
never before, and lifted to an un-  
dreamed of capacity by the magi-  
cal wand which has cast a spell  
not only over our own State, but  
upon all New England!

The great undercurrent of the  
orchestra swelling in waves of  
sound beneath the voices, filling  
all the parts into one glorious unit  
of sound, gave an indescribable  
sense of completeness, and to one  
listener the conception of "a heav-  
enly host" became a living reality!

It was no time for words. Speech  
was paralyzed. Those who knew  
something of what lay beneath  
this great blossom of success were  
too deeply awed to chatter or  
praise. "What had God wrought?"  
seemed blazoned in an arch of fire  
above that magnificent body of  
singers, and "never did human  
efforts call forth deeper emotion  
than was shown upon the faces of  
those never-to-be-forgotten Festi-  
val audiences.

What can be more wonderful  
than the recognition of a common  
bond underlying all the variations  
in human beings; of a power that  
could first draw together, and then  
charm, enthral, and hold in de-  
lightful bondage five thousand peo-  
ple, who listened with bated breath,  
with tear-filled eyes, bearing upon  
their faces the marks of deepest  
emotion, and who were evidently  
revelations to themselves?

Not only did delicate, refined  
women yield to the spirit of the  
hour and show that they were  
thrilled to their heart's deepest  
centers, but practical, earnest men;  
men with the furrows of their pro-  
fessional cares ploughed upon their  
brows; gay, young students; and  
a rousing phalanx of dear, deli-  
cious boys; all were swayed by this  
dominant power. Young and old  
took into their lives whatever ap-  
pealed to them from out the great  
storehouse of harmony, and in  
looking over the sea of faces the  
thought kept recurring, "O ye hu-  
man souls, what is this interpret-  
ing to you?"

When the great Director, the  
next morning after the brilliant  
finale of his year's work, asked,  
"What has this year meant to the  
chorus?" the Observer did not then  
reply, but like a lightning flash  
came to her mind the passage in  
the oratorio of the "Creation" when  
the chorus declares, "And God said,  
'Let there be light,' and then  
with a great shout affirms, 'And  
there was light.'"

What has this year of work done  
for Maine? The "returns" will  
never be in, for "generations yet  
unborn will be influenced by this  
great revelation of possibilities  
and power.

How can it be possible that a  
thousand people, representing as  
many families, with all the intri-  
cate channels of social life leading  
from each home, should not be  
affected through being flooded by  
such harmonies, for even one year?

Such thoughts, expressed in mu-  
sic cannot, but plough deep furrows  
in young lives, and soften the  
hardened soil in older hearts.  
Who can tell what they have up-  
rooted and supplanted? Who can  
tell how the "expulsive force of a  
new affection" has thrust out what  
was unworthy, staid, drifting  
souls, and given direction to those  
wavering between, seeking life  
upon high or low levels?

One prolonged "praise service"  
has swept over the State, and it  
has left an immortal residuum.

What has it meant to this body  
of people to reach this goal? It  
has meant that the inevitable law  
of sacrifice has been in force; that  
the lesser has given way to the  
greater; that enthusiasm has en-  
gulfed indifference; that latent  
powers have been developed; that  
glorious possibilities have been  
revealed with a standard of which

### Fads in Medicine.

There are fads in medicine as in  
everything else and a "new thing"  
frequently sells for a short time  
simply because it is new. But in  
medicine, as in nothing else, the  
people demand and will be satis-  
fied only with positive, absolute  
merit. The fact that Hood's Sarsa-  
parilla has stood its ground against  
all competition, and its sales have  
never wavered but have remained  
steadily at the top, demonstrates,  
beyond any doubt, the intrinsic  
virtues of this medicine. The new  
things have come and gone but  
Hood's Sarsaparilla rests upon the  
solid foundation of absolute merit  
and its power to cure, and its sales  
continue to be the largest in the  
world.

Nothing teaches patience like  
a garden. You may go around  
and watch the opening bud from  
day to day; but it takes its own  
time, and you cannot urge it on  
faster than nature directs.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets,  
the finest liver and bowel regula-  
tor ever made.

### many had hardly dreamed.

To hear Nordica—even to see  
her majestic presence—is to recog-  
nize that we are in the presence of  
rare genius, and to realize that her  
most wonderful attainment is her  
standard of excellence. Great  
tragic artist! She lives in a world  
of which we can only catch a  
glimpse when great musicians,  
through their conceptions and ren-  
ditions, swing open for us the por-  
tals of interpretation.

Blauvelt—the witching—near-  
est to Patti of any American sing-  
er of the present day! How  
many weary hours she has known  
before such perfection of execu-  
tion was at her command! O  
those noble voices that gave them-  
selves to our delight! Fragments  
of their songs detach themselves  
and flit hauntingly through the  
mind. Who can forget Williams'  
impassioned cry, "Oh, that I  
knew where I might find Him?"  
or the organ notes in Miles' voice,  
or the combination of the two in  
the rush of the "Excelsior" finale?

How proud we Bethelites felt of  
Dr. Duff's commanding presence  
and glorious voice, claiming him  
for our own, because of his love of  
Bethel. How the dashing Tor-  
ador, with his bravado and spirit,  
was personified by Meyn—and  
whatever prevented every Maud  
in the audience from accepting  
Fulton's invitation to "Come into  
the garden" when given in that  
golden voice? And the promise  
in our Maine singers! How well  
Drake rendered the solo in the  
"Battle Hymn," which by the way  
was composed and first interpre-  
ted in our own village. What  
could be more charming than the  
way all of Mr. Chapman's songs  
were rendered by artists and am-  
ateurs? How well Mrs. Morrison  
sang our versatile Kate Vannah's  
dear songs, and how proud are we  
that in our own Oxford Co., dwell-  
eth a man capable of writing any-  
thing so original and delicate as  
Mr. Carroll's "Intermezzo?"  
Where will Miss Hyde's lovely  
voice soar before reaching the  
height of her powers?

How beautiful the chorus looked!  
How well they were gowned.  
What fine faces were in those au-  
diences! Little wonder that a  
loyal lad declared that he had  
never seen so many pretty women  
together upon either side of the  
Atlantic—and that "Boston was  
nowhere when it came to complex-  
ion!"

So much for chorus and audi-  
ence! What did it mean to this  
Director? The man who has  
borne the toil, the travel, the hard  
exhausting labor, the corroding  
anxiety, the pressure of an un-  
comprehending public—unsympa-  
thizing even, if not intentionally  
hostile, who has been misunder-  
stood, misjudged, underrated, who  
has thrown all his years of hard-  
earned fame into the balance, and  
who stands vindicated in the po-  
sition he has taken and main-











